WILSON, WOODROW DRAWER 27 TRIBUTES

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Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Writings of, and references to,

Woodrow Wilson

From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of tha Lincoln National Lifs Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor
Puhlished each week hy The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 659 FORT WAYNE, INDIANA November 24, 1941

WILSON'S CENTENNIAL TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

There are many remarkable trihutes to Abraham Lincoln which have been ohscured hy the fact tbat fame and renown had not caught up with the composers previous to the delivery of the messages in question. Anything such as one bas to say after his own preeminence has heen assured is preserved with great care, hut epeeches made preliminary to reaching this pinnacle, often pass unnoticed.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, delivered an address in Chicago on Fehruary 12, 1909, in commemoration of the Centennial of Abraham Lincoln's hirth, which is a most remarkable presentation of Lincoln as "a man of the people." The larger part of tbe address follows:

"It was a very full century that has gona hy sincs Ahraham Lincoln was horn, a century crowded for all the world, hut particularly for America, with significant events which men could never turn hack from nor forget. And Lincoln seems for us the epitome of much that it contained.

* * * *

"The man Lincoln had no special gift. He was of general use. He was like some great instrument of humanity. Wherever life touched him he spoke back its meaning, gave forth firs to kindle its life. Each power slumhered in lum and waited to hs awakened. He seemed slow of development, waited upon circumstances to quicken him, hut always responded upon whatever scale tbe challenge came—seemed a great reservoir of living water whicb could he freely quaffed, hut not exhausted. There was something native, natural rather tban singular, and wholly inexhaustible ahout him. His nature euggested always a richness that had only been partly drawn upon, and his life ended as if unfinished, fuller of promise than when it hegan. His character stands colossal there amidst that troubled history of war and disunion, like one of Rodin's only half molded figures, ravealing less than it suggests, only in part disclosed, ahrouded in lines that lead the imagination off into infinity and very great conjecture.

"And eo it is deeply difficult to conceive the man as a whole or to convey an impression of him, marked hy any emphasis of distinguishing gifts and traits. We speak of him as characteristically honest, hut his bonesty does not seem a special trait, it is only part of his hroad and open bumanity, hardly more than a manifestation of his larga and ample nature, which was without narrowness or pettiness and, therefore, without deceit.

* * * *

"Such was the man, with always a larga way about him, natural and unaffected in his approach, not strenuous to he about any particular husiness, hut inevitahly roused whenevcr any matter of vital consequence touched his mind or invited his thought to exploration. A very normal man, with vsry normal gifts, hut all upon a great scale, all knit together in loose and natural form, like the great frame in which he moved and dwelt.

"There was, of course, the special flavor of American ahout Lincoln. He helonged to the now fast disappearing type of the frontier. He was hred where states were forming. There seems something specially 'native' about him, therefore, nationally flavored, locally distinctive. His origin could never he mistaken. He could have heen horn and matured only in America, was redolent of its soil, suggested always its condition and its forms of natural life.

* * * *

"And yet, however, unlike tha conditions of our time may he to the conditions of his, it is still true tbat men such as hs was, if they should arise again to renew the integrity and development of the nation, can he derived and matured only from tha common stock, only from the stock which no particular experience has specialized and no particular interest set apart. Lincoln was in the profoundest sense a man of the people, and it is safe to pradict that all men bred after his wholesome kind, and serviceahle for ths common use of bumanity, will be, liks him, derived from the unspecialized stock of tbe nation.

"What is a 'man of the peopla', judged hy the standard and example of this man? He is a man with his rootags deep among the people of no class or specialized kind, hut lifted above the narrowness and limitations of view of the mass hy the insigbt and study which have enahled him to see what they did not see, and the genius which has fitted him to speak, not from them as if still one of them, hut for them ae if released from what holds them hack from his leadership.

"A man of the people is a man who sees as the people do and not as the man of a class or a profession sees. He thinks, not in the terms of any particular interest, hut in tha terms of the general life ahout him. He is a man disengaged from his environment, free to move in whatever direction his nature impels him, unsuhdued hy the stuff of the life he lives in, seeing not one thing hut many things, lending an ear to many voices and heeding them, not as if they were the disordered voices of a mob, but as if they were the concurrent voices of a chorus; a man to whom they are all familiar voices, conveying many meanings which are really only one.

* * * *

"God send us such men again! We are confused by a war of interests, a clash of classes, a competition of powers, an effort at conquest and restraint and the great forces wbich war and toil among us can he guided and reconciled only hy some man who is truly a man of the pcople, as Lincoln was, not caught in the toils of any special interest, united hy wide sympathy witb many kinds of men, familiar witb many aspects of life, and led, through many changes, to a personal experience which unites him with the common mass. He must not ha too hot or intense, must be large and genial, and salted with humor, hut as certain and definite as the veriest tool of precision in his penetration and in his exposition of all that he sees and knows, a man who speaks as fearlessly as ha looks upon the affairs ahout him, and who never withholds himself from any use or declines the challenge of any call of duty; a man of universal sympathy and universal use, whom few men can approach in power, hut to whom all men can feel akin, and with whom all men can dare to he familiar.

"And it is men of Lincoln's type, who feel the universal impulse and struggle, througb whom it toils and by whom it is directed with a masterly of pilotage which no man can learn from hooks.

"Add to this the training which Lincoln gave himself, and the genius to see and speak the whole as he saw it, and the deep feeling of the poet, and you have Lincoln, the man wbom today we celebrate and to whom we look back with the hope tbat as we gaze upon him we may recover some hreath of the toilsome and heroic age in which hs wrought and triumphed."

TRIBUTE — WILSON

"Wilson" file 27a

HONORS LINCOLN THE MAN

Woodrow Wilson, at Chicago, Lauds Him as "of the People."

Chicago, Feb. 12.—President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, delivered the principal address at the Lincoln centenary celebration at the Auditorium to-day, saying, in substance:

Lincoln seems for us to epitomize that nineteenth century which hurried the world forward with giant strides and was crowded, particularly for America, with events which men never could turn back from nor forget.

The man Lincoln had no special gift. He was of general use. He was like some great instrument of humanity. Wherever life touched him, he spoke back its meaning, gave forth fire to kindle its life. Each power slumbered in him and waited to be awakened. He seemed slow of development, waited upon circumstances to quicken him, but always responded upon whatever scale the challenge came, seemed a great reservoir of living water which could be freely quaffed, but not exhausted.

There was the special flavor of America about Lincoln. He belonged to the now fast disappearing type of the frontier. He was bred where States were forming. His origin could never be mistaken. He could have been born and matured only in America, was redolent of its soil, suggested always its conditions and its forms of natural life.

A great nation is led, not by the men who merely speak what it speaks every day at the street corners and in the columns of its newspapers, but by the men who lend to these things new light and interpretation and give fearless counsel for a new day. These are men who have come out from among the people, but have been elevated to a plane of vision to which the people can themselves come only as they show them the way. It is by men of Lincoln's type, who feel the universal impulse and struggle, through whom the world toils upward, and by whom it is directed with a mastery of pilotage which no man can learn from books.

God send us such men again! We are confused by a war of interests, a clash of classes, a competition of powers, an effort at conquest and restraint, and the great forces which war and toil amongst us can be guided and reconciled only by some man who is truly a man of the people, as Lincoln was, not caught in the toils of any special interest, united by wide sympathy with many kinds of men, familiar with many aspects of life, and led, through many changes, to a personal experience which unites him with the common mass. He must not be too hot or intense, must be large and genial, and salted with humor, but as certain and definite as the veriest tool of precision in his penetration and in his exposition of all that he sees and knows, a man who speaks as fearlessly as he looks upon the affairs about him and who never withholds himself from any use or declines the challenge of any call of duty.

The only way in which we can worthily celebrate any great man is not by a mere tribute of words, but by the convincing tribute of those who seek to use and execute their task with the same free hand and untainted motive. The way to recover great ages of achievement is never to move away from them, never to debase or spoil the freed that begot them. America has never yet lost this reproductive power. She must never cease to look upon men like Lincoln as marking, not her occasional heights of achievement, but the points which denote the rising levels of her life, from which she builds, and from which her sons look back only to regain their standard and lengthen their measurements of accomplishment.

1909

See Antennae / Patrons

CONGER

The Elizabethtown News
Elizabethtown, Kentucky
February 13, 1962

TYPEWRITER

A GIFT, SMALL IN PHYSICAL size, but redolent in the history of the nation, was presented last week to the White House. It was the typewriter on which Woodrow Wilson wrote his messages to Congress, many of his public addresses and his notes to foreign powers, which shaped the course of the world while he lived.

The typewriter was a gift from the family of Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's personal physician, and the suggestion for it came from David Lawrence, noted columnist, who was on Wilson's staff at the Versailles peace conference in 1919.

It was received by President Kennedy, who said it would be displayed to the 1,000,000 Americans who visit the White House annually as a reminder of the distinguished late President and of the distinguished role he occupied in the life of the nation.

Frank Cobb, editor of The New York World, the newspaper which was closest of all to Wilson, relates the following:

> The night before he asked Congress for a declaration of war against Germany he sent for me. I was late getting the message somehow and did not reach the White House until 1 o'clock in the morning. Wilson was waiting for me sitting in his study with the typewriter on his table where he used to type his own messages.
>
> I have never seen him so worn down. He looked as if he hadn't slept, and he said he hadn't. He said he was probably going before Congress the next day to ask a declaration of war, and he had never been so concerned about anything in his life as about that decision.

Tremendous contributions to literature, to statecraft and to patriotism came from Woodrow Wilson's typewriter.

On it he wrote for his first inaugural, "It is not a day of triumph, but a day of dedication."

At Lincoln Farm, in 1916, Woodrow Wilson paid this classic tribute to Abraham Lincoln:

> "No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed or caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular delightful, vital genius, who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life."

"The right is more precious than peace," he said in his war message to Congress, and concluded:

> "We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts; for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority a voice in their own government; for the right and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives, and our fortunes, everything that we are, and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

His son-in-law and Treasury Secretary, Mr. McAdoo, once wrote him and used the phrase, "under the circumstances." The President promptly replied, citing that "circumstances" came from the same root word as "circumference," meaning a circle, and that, therefore, it should be "in the circumstances" and not "under the circumstances."

"Armed imperialism," he said in his Armistice Day message to Congress, "such was conceived by the men who were but yesterday the masters of Germany, is at an end, its illicit ambitions engulfed in black disaster."

It is an interesting, but unsurprising footnote to history that Woodrow Wilson's typewriter was sold as surplus property by the Harding administration.

After all, there was no similarity or compatability between them. One was governed by the most rigid standards of honor which went through a World War involving the expenditure of money hitherto never contemplated in this country, without the slightest taint of dishonor. The other brought to Washington the Ohio gang and is chiefly remembered for Teapot Dome.

Woodrow Wilson's typewriter is back in the White House, from whence it came, as a silent reminder of the contributions it made to this nation and to all the world.

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Lincoln never ceased to be a common man: that was the source of his strength. But he was a common man with genius, a genius for things American, for insight into the common thought, for mastery of the fundamental things of politics that inhere in human nature and cast hardly more than their shadows on constitutions; for the practical niceties of affairs; for judging men and assessing arguments. The whole country was summed up in him: the rude western strength tempered with shrewdness and a broad and humane wit; the Eastern conservatism, regardful of law and devoted to fixed standards of duty. To Eastern politicians he seemed like an accident; but to history he must seem like a providence—

Woodrow Wilson

A LETTER ON LINCOLN FROM PRESIDENT WILSON

Just now when the coming celebration of Lincoln's birthday is emphasizing for us the parallel between his presidency and the stern task of the United States today, it seems particularly opportune to publish this letter of President Wilson's in which he sums up his appreciation of the great leader of the Civil War. The letter was written at the time of the Lincoln Centenary in 1908 and sent to the committee in charge, of which Mr. Isaac Markens was chairman. The estimate of President Lincoln which President Wilson has here expressed was first written in an essay of his in "Mere Literature," published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company

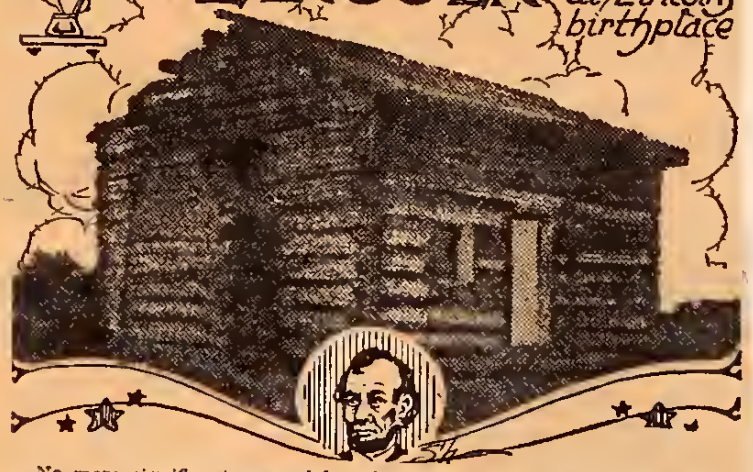
From The Independent, February 9, 1918

Wilson, Woodrow
TRIBUTE -- Woodrow Wilson

Louisville Courier Journal 2-12-19

WILSON'S TRIBUTE to LINCOLN

delivered at Lincoln's birthplace



No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed or caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life.

Wilson, Woodrow

WOODROW WILSON'S TRIBUTE TO THE SPIRIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Many attempts have been made to frame "the perfect tribute" to Abraham Lincoln. Woodrow Wilson pictures him as the mysterious but reassuring product of democracy. The spiritual quality of this portrait no less than the art displayed in the use of less than fifteen hundred words to paint it make it memorable. By popular subscription the log-cabin birthplace of Lincoln on a farm near Hodgenville, Kentucky, has been enclosed in an imposing granite memorial building as a gift to the Nation. President Wilson, called upon to accept the memorial, September 4, gave this impressive interpretation of it.

NO more significant memorial could have been presented to the Nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government.

How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes.

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No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and Providence and a free polity?

Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many a horizon which those about him dreamed not of—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life.

This is the sacred mystery of democracy, that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amid which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded.

Many another man besides Lincoln has served the Nation in its highest places of council and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Tho the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here.

Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln the question where he was is of little significance; that it is always what he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination.

It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation.

The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That also is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amid the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example.

And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of nearby friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived," but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it.

That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on.

There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here to-day not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the Nation of the place of his birth and origin.

Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must certainly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them.

The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose.

The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet.

We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

Wilson, Woodrow

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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He revered the Constitution, had sworn to preserve and defend it, and would not "take an oath to get power and break the oath in using that power;" but he viewed his duty in the large, and declared it his conviction that it would be breaking that oath, and not keeping it, if, "to save slavery or any minor matter," he should "permit the wreck of government, country, and constitution all together."

He sought to combine conciliation with this clear purpose to preserve the Union; but while those about him swung from this measure to that and were weak in their excitement, he was only patient and watchful, waiting for opinion and the right day of action.

Men noted the sad and anxious eyes of the new President (Abraham Lincoln); noted also, with a certain deep misgiving, his gaunt and uncouth figure, as of a man too new, too raw, too awkward, too unschooled in affairs for the terrible responsibilities and tangled perplexities of the great office he undertook.

They did not know the mastery of the man; they did not see that the straight fibre of this new timber was needed to bear the strain of affairs grown exigent beyond all common reckonings.

There was the roughness of the frntier upon him. His plain clothes hung unthought of on his big, angular frame; he broke often, in the midst of weighty affaire of state, into broad and bolsteroue humor· he moved and did the things assigned him with a sort of careless heaviness, as if disinclined to action; and etruck some faetidious men ae hardly more than a shrewd, good natured rustic.

But there had been a eingular gift of insight in him from a lad.

He had been bred in straitened, almost abject poverty; his ehiftless father had moved from place to placc in search of eupport and shelter for his growing family, and had nowhere got for them more than a bare subsistence; and yet this lad had made even that life yield him more than other boys got from a formal schooling.

He matured as elowly ae another; his life quietly kept pace with the simple folk who were his neighbors, no vital sign of his special gifts giving noticeable prophecy of what he was to be; but there came a power of mastery into hie mind, nevertheiees.

He took pains to get to the heart of what others about him but half understood; he used his wits for argumcnt and observation as another lad might have used them for play, and made uee of words, the exact speech which hit his meaning always at the center, his method of analysis.

And so his mind had filled as each item of his experience made ite record, as each glimpse of the world came to him. He had made a career for himself in his State which culminated in his debate with Senator Douglas, to which all the country pauscd to lieten; and he was ready to be President by the time he became President.

He called both Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase, the hitherto accepted leaders of his party, into his cabinet, the one ae Secretary of State, the other as Secretary of the Treasury; but he associated others with them who were of otner views and of his own personal choosing; and he himself made his own choice of policy.

His breeding among plain people like himself, accustomed to respect law with simplicity and obey it without subtlety, gave bim the direct vision which politicians lacked.

Woodrow Wilson

REED

Wilson, President

WILSON'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

The president's address in full follows:

"No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government.

"How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes.

"Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of casts, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind.

"Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training.

"Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of angular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot.

"No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Hides Democracy's Mystery.

"Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity?

"Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that, seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many a horizon which those about him dreamed not of—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in it varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life.

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"Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of council and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Had No Permanent Home.

"Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seems remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here.

"Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln the question where he was is of little significance; that it is always what he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination.

"It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation.

"The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

"We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amid the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example.

Will Keep Its Door Open.

"And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them.

"I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of nearby friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived," but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it.

"That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on.

Holy, Terrible Isolation.

"There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

"I have come here today not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin.

"Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must certainly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them.

"The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose.

"The commands of democracy are as imperative ae its privilegee and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet.

"We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us."

J WRIGHT

TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By President Wilson.

The following tribute is taken from President Wilson's address delivered one year ago on accepting for the war department the deed of gift by the Lincoln Farm Association of the Lincoln Birthplace Farm.

"I have come here to-day, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln: he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind can not be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us."

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"There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy."

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"I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near-by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself 'in his habit as he lived'; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to any one. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communicating with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisble things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts."

Carl Schurz Addition

February 7, 1918

Wilson, Pres. Woodrow

LINCOLN DEATH DAY GENERALLY OBSERVED

1915

WASHINGTON. D. C.. April 15.—Business of the United States government virtually was suspended today in recognition of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln. In the national capital as elsewhere throughout the country and in foreign lands wherever the American government is represented the event is being observed in accordance with President Wilson's executive order. The preeident himself laid aeide the cares of office as did other officials of the government, to pay eilent tribute to the memory of the martyred president.

By direction of the president, all the governmental departments were closed for the day and the eupreme court of the United States, headed by a former confederate soldier, Chief Justice White. held no seseion. Flags on all government buildings throughout the United Statee were at half mast as a tribute to Lincoln's memory, as were they also on all forts and reservations, naval stations and warships and upon all American embassies, legations and consulates throughout the world. All postoffices were closed part of the day. The owners and captaine of all American merchant vessels had been requested to display the national emblem at half mast.

DR. WOODROW WILSON AT CHICAGO.

"And when we come to speak of his attitude toward affairs, we can say only that he saw with his own eyes always and that his eyes were deeply discerning, seeing the significance of elements whose meaning others overlooked, that he saw beneath the surface with a singular penetration which was something more than shrewdness, approaching, as it did, the insight of a man to whom much more is revealed than meets the eye, because of the penetration of his own spirit. * * * * However unlike the conditions of our time may be to the conditions of his, it is still true that men such as he was, if they should arise again to renew the integrity and development of the nation, can be derived and matured only from the common stock, only from the stock which no particular experience has specialized and no particular interest set apart. Lincoln was in the profoundest sense a man of the the people, and it is safe to predict that all men bred after his wholesome kind and serviceable for the common uses of humanity will be like him, derived from the unspecialized stock of the nation."

WILSON, WOODROW DRAWER 27 TRIBUTES